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"IT'S ALL IN YOUR ASS."

OR, AS WE'RE DISCOVERING, YOUR COCK

and when she fell back naked against the recently torn mauve sheets I said WOWEE! I couldn't believe my luck. O FORTUNA, I cried ecstatic and unable to control myself except with a supreme EFFORT. It was exhausting but a sweet sweet fatigue while she lisped and prattled like a little baby. She WAS my baby! My BABY-TALKING DADDY-GIRL. She said she'd just joined $CAMH FOUNDATION - it was the sweetest oufit they all had happy faces taped to their computer screens and they were going to STAY UP ALL NIGHT and DEFEAT MENTAL ILLNESS then they'd all take SELFIES of one another NAKED! Not a STITCH ON! Baby, I said I don't know I LIKE that not that last part anyway. She lisped: Don't yew wowwy daddy-o I'm saving the BEST PART OF MY NEIGHBORHOOD all fo yew and yor BIG DOGGIE! I said that's my WITTLE BABY-TALKING $CAMH FOUNDATION SNOWFLAKE GRRL! So we added our LOVE to the LAUNDRY. We really got off on it....

Defeat denial.
Help defeat

camh